The Heart of the Matter

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The Heart of the Matter

by Ryumako

Summary

Ryuko and Mako wake up feeling somehow different. Much to both of their surprise, they've switched bodies! How are they going to handle it when they've got somewhere to be?

Notes

I'm just going to apologize for this beforehand. May has been a very weird month for me, in a kind of disorienting sense. I literally wasn't going to publish this at all, but I was convinced to.

See the end of the work for more notes

The room was quiet, save for the birds chirping outside the window. It could've been said birds, her internal alarm, or some other unknown cause that woke Ryuko up that morning. She was lying on her side, facing the nightstand, on top of which the clock read eleven-twenty. Excellent, she and Mako had slept in again. Not that it mattered, really; they didn't have anywhere to be for a little while.

As she blinked to bring her vision to focus, she immediately noticed that something felt… different. Something just felt *wrong*, and she couldn't put her finger on why. She brought her hand to her face and squinted at her palm, her fingers. That wasn't right…

Hadn't she fallen asleep on the other side of the bed? She adjusted groggily, and as she did she noticed an arm around her. Must've been Mako snuggling her, she figured, as she had no reason to believe otherwise. As her eyes traveled up the arm attached to the hand, the shoulder attached to the arm, she saw a mess of medium-length, black hair.

Immediately, she scrambled out of the bed, sheets tugging at the person in the bed with her rapid movement. Where was Mako?! Before she could even try to figure out who that was (her hair was covering her face), she noticed upon standing up that she felt *much* different. There was no hair touching her shoulders…she felt a bit closer to the floor…even her boobs felt considerably larger. She impulsively hobbled over to the nearest mirror, intent on figuring this out.

Looking into the mirror, she gasped loudly, her eyes widening. She was…well…Mako! There was no mistaking it –same big brown eyes, same chestnut bowl cut…the only thing she couldn't recognize was her expression; Mako hardly ever wore an expression of such abject shock before. She ran her fingertips through the short hair, her brain desperately trying to wrap itself around the concept. Holy *shit*, then that means…

She turned back around slowly to face the bed, the mysterious person still fast asleep atop the mattress. She approached the bed very cautiously, and then climbed onto it, sitting on her knees. She took a deep breath, placed her hand on the girl's bare shoulder, and then gently pushed her onto her back. She remained asleep. Ryuko then brushed the black locks away from the girl's face, and then she was sure.

She and Mako must've switched bodies somehow.

Obviously, there was no way Ryuko could've ever seen her own body asleep in the past, but even now she could recognize her features. Sharp canine teeth (Mako had apparently left her mouth open when she fell asleep, something Ryuko was told she often does herself), slightly thicker eyebrows than most, and if those things weren't proof enough, her signature red streak was now visible among the rest of her disheveled hair.

For a moment, she just stared, astounded. Then, the girl's eyes began to flutter open, and Ryuko continued to stare, determined to see the light blue as further confirmation of her discovery. Sure enough, her eyes were indeed blue, but they quickly became wide as she sat up instantly, accidentally bonking both of their heads in the process.

“Ouch…damn it…” Ryuko muttered, rubbing her forehead. As soon as she had spoken, her hand clamped over her mouth. Her voice was that of Mako’s as well! Her initial reaction was embarrassment, because, well, generally Ryuko tended to speak in a rather intimidating tone, and it where she felt it worked with her own voice, with Mako’s higher-pitched voice it sounded…silly, to say the least.

She shook her head and then directed her attention back to her body, whose eyes were still wide and staring directly at her, despite having hit her head a moment ago. The girl tilted her head, “You’re me!” She declared.

“So it would seem…” She said, still not used to the voice. “Then you’re-”

Before she could even finish the question, the girl immediately grabbed her own boobs and started giggling like a maniac. “These are Ryuko-chan’s boobs!” She gasped, “Does that mean…!”

“Yeah, you’re definitely Mako.” She confirmed, relieved, as the girl scrambled off the bed and over to the mirror she had stood at moments ago. If anyone else were to have control over her body, she would hope it to be Mako. She trusted her the most…even if she was still holding her breasts.

“I look just like Ryuko-chan!” She said excitedly, turning to face Ryuko again, “You look just like me!”

Every time Mako said ‘Ryuko-chan’ in *her* voice, it hit her ear wrong. Granted, she was allowing her voice to reach higher octaves that Ryuko herself would hardly ever allow, it was still just *weird*…maybe even more so, considering.

“Mako,” She started, trying to gain her attention again. However, all of Mako’s attention had been diverted back to the mirror. Ryuko could only stare as the girl leaned in, inches away from the mirror, making ridiculous expressions using her own face. “Mako!” She said again, her voice unsatisfyingly unthreatening.

“Hm?” She said, turning to her again, her mouth puckered like a fish.

“Quit that!” She demanded, her cheeks heating up.

“Oh, alright.” Mako pouted. She took a few more glances in the mirror before she sat down on the bed next to her. “So, how do you suppose this happened?” She didn’t sound too seriously concerned about it.

“I have no idea,” Ryuko confessed, still admittedly fascinated watching her own body walk and talk without her to be the one controlling it. ‘*Who wouldn’t be?* ’ She figured as she felt guilty for being distracted herself. “But one thing’s for sure,” She continued, “we better figure it out soon. We’re hanging out with Satsuki today, remember?”

“Oh shoot, yeah!” Mako remembered. “That should be interesting...” She had scooted closer to her, watching her intently, obviously as equally distracted by watching her body function at Ryuko’s hand.

“To say the least,” She huffed, running a hand through her hair, again not used to its short length. “What are we gonna do?”

Mako gave her an unsure look, and Ryuko sighed.

With each other’s aid, the two girls prepared for their day out with Satsuki. They made sure they had everything they needed, that both of them looked appropriate for their respective ‘personalities’, and then headed on out. They boarded the bus quickly, and then remained relatively silent for the duration of the ride.

The bus dropped the two girls off at its usual stop, from which they would have to walk a small distance to meet up with Satsuki at their regular spot. Satsuki had, on a few occasions, offered to pick the two of them up for their hang-outs, but their pride often got the better of both of them for different reasons. In odd circumstances like this, that decision comes in handy.

“Okay, Mako, let me be serious for a second,” She began as they both got off the bus. “I really don’t want to concern Satsuki with this ‘problem’…she’s got enough on her plate. I’m sure we can figure this out on our own eventually, so in the meantime, just…try to act like me, alright? I know it’ll be very hard for you, but I know you can do it.”

“That makes sense…I’ll do my best!” At this, Ryuko looked genuinely relieved. “But, Ryuko-chan…” She spoke up as the other girl had begun walking. She faced her again. “That means you also have to act like me! And you know as well as I do that I do not glare that much.”

Ryuko looked surprised, at a loss for words. She had not considered that. “You’re right…” Then, she made an obvious effort to perk up, lifting her eyebrows and all. “How’s this?” She asked, even tilting her head as Mako might.

Mako herself couldn’t help but chuckle. “Show me a smile!”

Ryuko sighed and rolled her eyes, but nevertheless she put on a brilliant grin, virtually indistinguishable from an authentic Mako smile. “Perfect!” The younger teen commented, obviously amused.

“Well, I should know, I’ve been watching you smile for some time now,” She said. For some reason, the statement made her blush a little. Quickly, however, she spoke again. “We should get moving, but…you’re still not acting enough like me, though, I don’t giggle and all that...and I never let my voice get that high-pitched.”

They began walking in the direction of the café they were meeting at. “Oh don’t worry, I can definitely be Ryuko-chan! You know how good I am at impressions. It’ll be totally unnoticeable when we meet up with Satsuki.”

Ryuko gave her a look of profound doubt. At this, Mako huffed. “Fine, I’ll show you.” She then squinted, adjusted her hair, relaxed her posture/stride, and finally, cleared her throat: “To hell with your opinion!”

The older teen's eyes had widened –she stood corrected. Mako had somehow perfected her tone, the way she'd practically chew on her words and spit them out with vigor. Such volatility wasn't necessary for this outing, but she still felt much more assured by her demonstration.

"You see, if you were *really* acting like me, you would've giggled at that," Mako commented.

"You're right!" Ryuko said in a higher-pitched voice, trying to immediately switch into back into Mako-mode and prove her capability.

"Good," Mako said all tough-like. With that, she opened the door to the café, and they both stepped inside. Ryuko took quick glance around the establishment, and was somewhat relieved to discover they had made it there before Satsuki. She ordered lattes for the both of them, and then found a decent spot to sit. After only a few minutes, Satsuki too stepped into the building.

"Satsuki's here!" Mako whispered.

"I noticed!"

"Sit up straight!" She reminded her.

"Well, you sit up less straight!" Ryuko countered as she adjusted her posture. Mako nodded then began slouching, her legs spread slightly. They then took a collective moment to breathe as Satsuki ordered her own coffee.

Then, she approached the table. "How are you two doing today?"

The girls shared a look, and then Mako spoke. "Just fine, sis."

Ryuko wanted to roll her eyes, but she didn't. Instead, she became very conscious of her expression and posture. Then, she had an idea of what to say next, keeping her tone appropriate, "Ryuko-chan and I had some fun on our way over here! Tell Satsuki-sama what we saw, Ryuko-chan!"

Mako was caught off-guard, but could certainly keep up with some simple improvisation. "We saw a bunny," She stated simply, as it was the first thing that came to mind. "Yeah, Mako here was real entertained by that little bugger."

Ryuko just stared at her in disbelief. A *bunny*? She was hoping whatever story she came up with would be a little longer, so that the attention could be less focused on her for a bit. She hated sitting up straight, hell, especially with the size of Mako's boobs! How did she do this all the time?

"Yeah! It was…super-duper cute!" She managed.

Satsuki raised a thick brow at the both of them, but said nothing regarding the flimsy conversation topic. Hurriedly, Mako spoke again, "So! What have you been up to, sis?"

At this, Ryuko prodded at her ankle under the table. Mako looked over to her suddenly, startled. The older teen gave her a look of warning at the excessive use of the word ‘sis’, and could only hope she understood the message.

Nevertheless, Satsuki had begun talking. “Well, my studies are going rather well. I’ve had plenty of opportunities to clear my mind and focus on the various courses at hand, and because of that, I would say college is progressing rather smoothly so far.” She smiled softly. “How’s school going for the two of you?”

Sharing another look with Ryuko before speaking, Mako responded, “Pretty well. Mako here keeps falling asleep in class as usual, but I’m usually able to nudge her awake.”

“Like you’re the perfect student!” Ryuko said, adding a giggle for effect.

Satsuki sipped her coffee, amused. Then, Mako continued, “Well, I’m trying, you know.”

At this, Satsuki set down her coffee. “You’re trying to improve your grades, Ryuko?” She had genuine surprise in her tone.

Ryuko looked at Mako with wide eyes. “Y-yeah…” The younger teen said.

“That’s odd,” The stoic teen went on. “The last time we spoke, school still seemed to be rather low in your priorities. But that’s admirable, I suppose.”

Ryuko had put her head down on the table, burying her face in her arms. There was no way she wasn’t catching on –of course Mako didn’t know of the things she and her sister had discussed over the phone! Sure, she told Mako some of it, but what was the point of filling her in on the small talk?

“Something wrong, Mako?” Satsuki asked with concern. “Are you tired?”

“Hm?” Ryuko said, bolting upright. “Ah, yeah! I’m always snoozin’, ya know.”

“Right,” She acknowledged, drawing her attention back to her coffee. She sipped it in silence, and then set it back down very suddenly, startling both Ryuko and Mako out of their momentary hazes. “Is there something the two of you aren’t telling me?”

At this, the two stared at her, eyes wide. “I can’t help but notice you both seem very nervous. I don’t mean to pry or anything of the sort, but is there some sort of new development in your relationship I’m not in on?”

Ryuko sighed, lowering her shoulders. “Yeah. Well…sort of. You see, when I woke up this morning, I felt…well, different, and…” The older teen had never seen a look of such pure curiosity and concern on Satsuki’s face. She was probably concerned as to why ‘Mako’ was being so serious.

“I’m actually Mako!” Mako spoke from the other side of her. Satsuki snapped her head in her direction, appearing even more confused. With her attention, she declared once more, “I’m actually Mako in Ryuko-chan’s body.”

Satsuki furrowed her brows, and then turned back to Ryuko. “Is that true?”

Since the jig was up, Ryuko allowed herself to slouch, crossing her arms. “Yeah. And I’m stuck in Mako’s body.”

Satsuki stared at her blankly, looked back to Mako (who was wearing an intrigued expression), back to Ryuko, and then set her elbows on the table, rubbing her temples.

“I made an effort to keep it a secret, because I didn’t want to concern you with it. I figured you had enough to worry about already,” Ryuko explained.

“No, I’m just…” The taller teen started. “Absolutely *relieved* that it wasn’t something worse! Honestly, I thought you two were about to tell me you were breaking up or something along those lines. That would’ve been very difficult to deal with –Ryuko would probably be calling me all hours of the day just to lament about it.”

“Aww…” Mako interjected.

“No, not ‘aww’!” Ryuko spoke again. “Hate to break it to you, but while this definitely isn’t a break up, it’s not exactly something easy to deal with, either!”

“Well, you certainly weren’t lying.” Satsuki sipped her coffee once more. “Mako would never speak to me in that tone.” Ryuko looked as though she was about to speak again before she continued. “I’m kind of disappointed in myself, to be honest –my intuition had picked up on something strange, but it would seem I can’t even detect when something so major has been altered. I feel I should know my baby sister better than that.”

“Don’t beat yourself, Satsuki-sama! I’m just a very good actress!” Mako placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Plus, I happen to know Ryuko-chan *very* well.”

Satsuki looked at her, dumbfounded for a moment; at the very least it was entertaining, but she could never get used to Ryuko’s voice generating such positivity. She shook her head.

“So, now that you know,” Ryuko started. “Do you have any idea how this may have happened? Or, better yet, how to fix it?”

“I’m not certain…I’ve never heard of anything like this before,” She answered. “But I would be happy to look into it for you when I find the time.”

“What, you mean we’re going to be stuck like this?!”

“I kinda like being in Ryuko-chan’s body!” Mako interpolated.

“Hey, you weren’t even going to tell me in the first place,” Satsuki said, ignoring Mako. “So don’t be offended when my help isn’t up to standard, especially given such a rare case,” She spoke, as cool-headed as ever.

“I’m sorry, you’re right.” Ryuko took second to collect her thoughts.

“Thank you. Now, if I had to guess…” Satsuki mused. “…I would say this could be due to your unique anatomy, Ryuko. And by that I mean the life fibers, of course.”

Her brown eyes went wide. “The…life fibers…” She mumbled. “Again?! I thought they were done causing problems! What could they possibly gain from this?”

“Like I said, it was just a guess. I don’t see what else could cause this to happen…probably an adverse reaction of sorts. I’m not sure what else to tell you.”

“No, that makes sense, I just…” Ryuko spoke, dejected. “I’m tired of them, is all. It’s getting pretty personal, dragging Mako into all this.” She lowered her eyes to the floor. “She didn’t need this,” She grumbled.

“I understand,” Satsuki said, placing a sympathetic hand on her shoulder. “Why don’t we try to focus on something else? I know it’ll be difficult, considering. But that doesn’t mean we have to waste an afternoon.”

“Satsuki-sama’s right!” Mako spoke again, standing suddenly. “We should go try to have some fun! The atmosphere in here is too serious for right now.”

At this, Ryuko looked up to her. Even though the girl was beyond just a spitting image of herself at the moment, Ryuko still felt that signature and resounding love for Mako that she usually felt. In all of this confusion, at least she knew she’d have that. “Yeah, you guys are right.” She smiled.

The rest of the afternoon actually turned out to be rather fun, the girls agreed. More than a few times, Mako attempted to try on clothes that were definitely way out of range of Ryuko’s style, much to Ryuko’s ‘horror’ (she would never admit she found it pretty amusing). They also went out to eat, Mako commenting on how Ryuko’s stomach was not nearly as big as hers and was therefore unacceptable (this seemed to be the first and only instance of Mako being displeased to be in Ryuko’s body, Ryuko noted).

Eventually, as the sun retired beyond the horizon, the girls retired back to their respective homes. Ryuko and Mako were feeling much better about the situation, and Satsuki promised she’d look into it as soon as possible.

Once home, Ryuko promptly landed on top of their large bed, only kicking off her shoes afterwards. Mako eventually joined her, sitting next to her without saying anything.

After some minutes of reflective silence, Ryuko sat up abruptly and looked into Mako’s eyes, granted they weren’t her own. For just a moment, she looked for the Mako that was behind them, controlling them, and found her without fail. She was entranced by this, how even though she looked completely different, she could still be Mako without speaking a word.

“Mako,” She said softly. “Can I ask you a question?”

“Of course!” Mako assured.

“I don’t know how to put this…” Her voice was vulnerable. “It just got me thinking, when Satsuki suggested the life fibers could be behind this, and well…in your body, your heart beats…more noticeably, I guess. It’s lighter. Ever since I woke up as you I noticed it.” She took a deep breath, and tried to keep her high-pitched voice from wavering. “Besides everything else that feels different, have you noticed a significant change in the way my heart beat feels compared to your own?”

“Ryuko-chan…” She began, knowing exactly what she was driving at. At the chance of it feeling weird to her, she took the other girl’s hands in her own, and Ryuko didn’t stop her. “Your heart beat…I’m not going to lie to you…is definitely different. It’s a little staggered, and in the short time I’ve inhabited your body, I don’t feel like I’ve felt it as noticeably as I should have.”

Ryuko was staring at her, her expression virtually indecipherable, the only indicator of emotion being the tear that suddenly began traveling down her cheek. “But listen…if there’s one thing that I’m sure of, as I have been regardless of this situation, mind you, is that…it’s also definitely human.” She offered a soft smile, and then wiped away the single tear. “It’s an organic, authentic heartbeat, and there’s no mistaking that. You’ve never been a monster, Ryuko-chan.”

At this, Ryuko took a few more irregular breaths and then smiled very wide. “Mako, I-I…” She then hugged her, resting her forehead against her shoulder. “Thank you.”

Mako smiled, and rubbed her back soothingly until she sat up again. “This is unfair,” Ryuko stated, her voice suddenly back to a grumble.

“Huh?” Mako said, tilting her head.

“Well, I…” She began to develop a light blush. “I want to kiss you…but it’d be weird…”

“How so?”

Ryuko looked at her incredulously. “It’d be like kissing myself!”

“But I’m not you!” She defended. “I’m Mako!”

“Still!” She said lamely, her blush increasing. The more Mako seemed so casual about it, the more relenting Ryuko became with her defense. There probably wasn’t any harm in it, and she really did want to kiss Mako…but still, it was just so *weird*.

“Ryuko-chan…we’ve been given a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity here,” Mako realized as she was speaking. “Seriously, who else ever gets a chance like this?”

“What’re you talking about?” She asked, already having a pretty good idea what she was referring to.

Mako’s eyes widened with thought. “Haven’t you ever wondered what it feels like to…well, do things with yourself? Like, whenever you and I are having sexy times, don’t you wonder…what it’s like to be on the other end?”

Ryuko refused to make eye contact. “Maybe…a few times…but you can’t seriously be suggesting that we actually…”

“Why not?” She asked nonchalantly, as if the matter at hand were something as simple as taking up a new hobby, not *doing things with your own body while inhabiting your girlfriend’s*. “It could be like roleplaying!” She continued.

“Well…” She couldn’t believe she was seriously about to do this…that her curiosity was getting the better of her. “Fine! But you can’t tell anyone we’re actually doing this.”

“Yay!” Mako exclaimed, clapping excitedly. “And of course I won’t tell anyone!”

“Alright, then…” Ryuko said, and couldn’t help but smile, perhaps from being nervous.

They came together rather awkwardly, Mako being the one to lift her hand to Ryuko’s jaw, facing her towards her and pressing their lips together. Ryuko kept her eyes closed but was rather stiff for a moment, but quickly relented as her mind echoed, ‘*Oh, what the hell*.’

She took her hand and carefully brushed back Mako’s black bangs, getting them out of the way. As soon as she did this, Mako audaciously slid her tongue over, mingling it with Ryuko’s. This caused her to make a sound of unexpected pleasure, the pitch of which served as a reminder that she really wasn’t in her own body.

She couldn’t distinguish at the moment if it was just her own mouth or Mako’s kissing skills, but for one of these reasons (or both) the kiss felt really, really good. She suddenly felt somewhat intoxicated, her nerves at ease as she felt more comfortable getting into it.

Mako then gently coaxed her into a laying position, not breaking the kiss. She then gradually eased a calloused hand up her top, reaching her chest.

“I don’t usually wear a bra, you know,” She told her, her voice low just like Ryuko does it. Ryuko could only gasp in response, especially as she felt her squeeze.

“I found one of your bras and put it on at the last second before we left…” She explained, her voice also achieving a true Mako-like pitch. “It felt weird without one…”

“Well, right now, it feels weird with one…” She said as she grabbed the hem of her shirt and began tugging it upwards. Ryuko allowed her to remove it, and the second after she set it aside she reached around her back to undo the clasps of the bra.

Once removed and discarded as well, she kissed her briefly and then placed a firm hand on her right breast. “My boobs are real big, huh?” She breathed.

“Yeah…” She responded, arching her back a bit.

“Feels good against your rough fingers?” She teased as her thumb rubbed over her nipple.

“Ah…” She gasped as she instinctively pressed her torso against the other girl’s, indulging her touch. Mako smirked, and then scooted down a bit to touch her lips to the squishy flesh.

Then, her tongue quickly found her nipple, swirling around it briefly before taking it into her mouth.

“Mako…” Ryuko gasped. At this sensation, she decided to peek open one eye. She immediately saw her own body committing a lewd act, and while it was disorienting, it didn’t make her uncomfortable in the slightest, instead, for the moment she truly felt like Mako… especially with her breasts exposed like they were.

“Hey, Ryuko-chan?” She started, still casually licking at her nipples.

“Hmm?”

“Remember how when we were in the café with Satsuki, we pretended to be each other by calling each other by one another’s names and the like?” She asked, taking the nipple into her mouth again.

“Yeah…?”

She released the breast from her mouth with a small ‘pop’. “Do you think we could do that again, right now?”

“You want me…to call you ‘Ryuko-chan’?” She clarified.

“Yeah, just like that, and I’ll call you by my name! Like roleplay.” She continued squeezing lightly at her flesh. “You know, to add to the effect.”

“I mean, I guess…” She agreed, figuring while it was potentially embarrassing, it was only the two of them…plus, it could be fun.

“Great!” Mako said, taking both of her breasts into her hands and messaging them generously. Then, while Ryuko was still watching, she removed her hands from her chest and reached for the hem of her own shirt, pulled the article over her head, and put it aside with the other clothes. Just as quickly, she took off the bra she had put on.

Ryuko herself couldn’t help but stare. Sure, she’d seen her own boobs before, but this was much different somehow. Before she realized it, Mako had grabbed her wrists and placed her hands on her ribcage. “Go ahead,” The girl whispered as she released her wrists. Ryuko kept her hands there, and then began moving them up very slowly, until they both fully cupped her breasts.

“A-Ah…Mako…” She gasped, startling Ryuko, but not stopping her. She was instantly intrigued, hearing exactly how her own self would respond to such stimulation. She pressed at the flesh experimentally, earning another accurate gasp of pleasure from the girl.

After a few more grasps and squeezes, Mako leaned back in and kissed her roughly, tongue meeting tongue immediately. When she pulled back slightly, the dark-haired girl kept her bottom lip between her teeth, nibbling it gently. Ryuko had done this to Mako before, and feeling it done *to* herself *by her own* self, well…

She found herself moving her hips ever so subtly in Mako's direction, but it wasn't subtle to Mako. She too began grinding against her mildly, sighing against her lips. Then, she kissed her chin and down her jaw, and finally to her neck with eagerness. She kissed along her throat as her movements became more pronounced.

"Mmm…" Ryuko hummed. "Ryuko-chan…" She uttered quietly. "T-take off my shorts…" While it felt immediately weird to say her own name, not only was she somehow getting a little used to it, but it also felt more natural in this situation…with this voice…

"Yeah, that's it…" Mako husked against her skin, glad she got her to say her name. She lifted her hips from hers and brought her hands to the button of her shorts, undoing it swiftly, unzipping the fly, and pulling them down and off her legs.

"Take…take my panties off, too…" She requested. She was hardly abashed, as it was truly her girlfriend's body. Mako smiled, and then did just that.

Ryuko then watched as she started to undo her own jeans, tugging them with a slight struggle off her legs, pulling the panties off with them in one go. She had forgotten that she hadn't shaved in about a week…she was wondering how Mako was feeling about that right about now.

Obviously she wasn't all too concerned about it, because she immediately climbed above her once more. She leaned in another time to kiss her, and Ryuko closed her eyes. She slid her tongue far into her mouth straightway, and kissed her as though she were a source of oxygen.

As Ryuko had begun reciprocating the kiss with a matching amount of intensity, Mako pressed herself between her smooth thighs, touching her sex to hers and rubbing against her cautiously. The older teen spread her legs further apart to better accommodate her, biting her lip in the process.

"Mako, *god*, you're wet…" Mako spoke roughly, and Ryuko simply whined.

Her breathing became staggered as she worked with her, moving her hips against hers, trying to achieve synchronization. Their paces eventually matched up, the angle practically perfect as their suddenly clits rubbed up against one another's, causing both of their breath to hitch.

Surprisingly, Ryuko found herself getting close very quickly. With every rough movement, she was getting so much closer to the edge, way faster than she would usually. Was Mako's body always this sensitive? It felt so good, it was almost ridiculous…with only a couple more movements, she was *just* about to-

Mako then pressed her lips to her neck again suddenly, grazing her skin with her canines and moving against her much more quickly, grunting as she did so.

Ryuko gasped abruptly as she was overwhelmed, shouting, "M-Mako!" as she came on her heat.

With the sudden increase of fluids on her sex, Mako slowed down unexpectedly as she moaned, "Mmn…Ryuko-chan!" as she came, too.

Afterwards, their heart rates increased shortly instead of decreasing, right before both of them blacked out at the same time.

Only a few seconds later, the two girls regained consciousness, both feeling extremely disoriented. Ryuko opened her eyes first, and then instinctively propped herself up on her arms. The first thing she noticed was Mako below her…

…Mako was below her! Mako, in the flesh!

When the brunette woke up, the first thing she saw was an ecstatic and naked Ryuko hovering above her. “Hey! You’re you again!” She pointed out. “Then that means –I must be me again!” She said, immediately clutching her own breasts. “Hmm, yep!”

Ryuko laughed genuinely at this, and then kissed her hard. “Hey, wait!” Mako said as they broke apart. “You called me by my name when you came!”

“You did the same…”

“Yeah, maybe…” She muttered. “It was still fun, though. And hey! Now we both know what it’s like to have sex with ourselves. How many people can say that about themselves?”

“It was…interesting. But Mako, your body is really sensitive though!” She spoke sincerely.

“Is it? Or do I just know what my body likes?” She raised an eyebrow cutely.

“Oh my god…” She chuckled, and then kissed her again. This time, Mako indulged the kiss sweetly, placing a hand upon her cheek. Ryuko hummed lightly in content at the familiar feeling.

“What would you say to…doing that again, but as ourselves this time?” She murmured against her mouth.

“Mmm, sounds good…” She agreed, pecking her again. “But um, Ryuko-chan?”

“Yeah?” Ryuko said, nuzzling her cheek.

“What are we going to tell Satsuki-sama?”

End Notes

Sorry if that was hard to follow! Actually I'm just sorry in general.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!